

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN

For the Week Ending Monday, May 16, 1904.

The weather during the week was rather cool, and the deficiency in temperature averaged from 3 to 4 degrees per day, with the greatest departure on the 15th. The maximum temperature ranged from 66 to 84 degrees, and the minimum from 36 to 60 degrees. Very light to moderate rains fell on Monday, Saturday and Sunday, but as a rule the rainfall was generally deficient. At the close of the week the temperature was very low, and light frost was general, but not severe enough to do any serious injury to fruit or vegetation.

The week, as a whole, was very favorable for farm work, and plowing and preparing ground for corn was in general progress, and in a good many counties a considerable acreage has been planted. Wheat and rye have improved somewhat, but are very short and thin on the ground. Oats are coming up and looking well, prospects very bright. Grass and pastures are making fair growth; stock in good condition and turned out. Irish potatoes are coming up well and are generally in good condition. The fruit prospect is very bright, especially over the northern and panhandle sections; over the southern section peaches have shown an improvement since last week. Gardening generally, is nearing completion.

Extracts From Correspondents' Reports—Northern Section.

BARBOUR—Plowing and planting corn progressing rapidly; ground in fine condition for planting; pastures and meadows doing well; fruit prospects good.—J. D. Dadisman.

HARRISON—Corn about all planted; potatoes coming up and in good condition; wheat and grass making fair growth; gardening in progress; fruit safe.—Allen Smith.

MARION—Wheat and grass making fair growth; oats sown; fruit trees in full bloom with fine prospects; plowing for corn in progress.—Z. Tennant.

PRESTON—Weather clear and cool, farm work progressing rapidly; corn being planted; wheat very short and thin on ground, and will be a failure; stock turned out.—J. G. Brown.

RANDOLPH—Nights have been frosty but not injurious; corn planting is general; pastures and meadows doing well; gardening nearing completion.—Geo. W. Yokum.

TAYLOR—Grass is making rapid growth; gardens made and coming up; week favorable for farm work; good prospects for fruit.—S. W. Wilson.

PACHYDERMS IN THE BATH

"It's great fun to see an elephant in bathing, and when a whole lot of them are in the water together it's a sight worth going far to see," Billy Snyder, Central Park's elephant keeper, who used to be with a circus before he went with the city, says in an interview in the New York Evening Sun. "We used to let our elephants in the show take a bath on Sundays while on the circuit if a river happened to be near by. Sometimes we had 15 or 20 of the pachyderms that needed a bath, and we'd let them go into the river in a bunch. They were like a lot of youngsters from school that go in swimming in the village pond. Once in a while you'd see one of them spouting water from his trunk, much like a whale. If the bottom of the stream was muddy they'd like it all the better. They like to roll in the mud. It seems to do their thick old hide good. To see 20 elephants in the water, cutting up as the bathers sometimes do at Coney Island, is a circus in itself, and we used to have crowds of country people along the banks watching the proceedings whenever we couldn't help it. Of course we didn't propose to give a free exhibition on Sundays or any other day, but we couldn't always get a stream without the people. An elephant can pull a whole lot, but he can push five times as much as he can pull. Out in Michigan, when a wagon got stuck in the mud so that 20 horses could not pull it out, we'd put an elephant behind it and he'd push it along in a jiffy. He can work better than a locomotive at times. I saw Albert, who killed Sweeney, push 13 circus cars for 500 feet on the tracks."

Bond Given.

J. O. Bartholow has given bond of \$400 as administrator of the property of the late Fannie J. Bartholow.

G. F. Carrell Home.

G. F. Carrell, who has been in the Kentucky oil fields for a week or ten days, returned home this morning.

Read the West Virginian. It has the latest news.

FLEAS SAVAGE IN CALIFORNIA

Even fleas have their uses, it seems. "I see that the Cubs (the base ball team) are much bothered by the California fleas," says Charlie Dexter, in the Seattle Times. "Well, the California flea is the only drawback to the California climate. People who have never seen the California flea cannot imagine what these ferocious creatures are really like. They are far larger than any flea ever dreamed of in the East, and their appetites are even larger than their physiques."

"I was battling once against Jay Hughes, Seattle's pet pitcher, and the bases were full, two out, and the last half of the tenth. Jay was sending them over like bullets, and it was two and three. Everything depended on the next ball. Just as I gripped my bat to do or die one of those devilish fleas bit me between the shoulders. The bite was so severe that I let go the bat and grabbed the bitten spot with my right hand. At the same instant the ball came squarely across the pan and I was out."

"I have heard of those fleas growing so large and so powerful that they would run down a pitcher's sleeve and grab his elbow just as he was about to let go the ball, thus causing a wild pitch or making him drop the leather, but I never saw that personally."

ELEPHANTS GOOD WHEN BUSY

Speaking of big game, by way of contrast, an animal trainer that is with a big circus asserts that an elephant never injures a person when it is busy.

"It may sound strange," he says, "but there is not a case on record of one getting ugly when it was performing or working. The reason, I think, is that the elephant is an animal of one idea—that is, it can think of only one thing at a time. That same trait, I take it, is what makes an elephant such a vicious animal when it gets ugly. It can think of nothing but what has made it angry, and it will not stop until it has torn something to pieces. Oh, yes, an elephant can carry a grudge. It never forgets an injury, and it waits its chance to get even; but when it is busy it forgets the tricks that have been played on it. It is only when it has nothing to do that it gets to brooding over its troubles. Human, eh? Well, I have known folk with that sort of disposition."

TWO LOVES

One was a child's romance,
A girl's bewildering dream,
Woven of fire and dew
And moonlight's silver gleam;
Of the fragrance of the rose,
The glory of the stars,
The flash of sparkling waters,
The sunset's golden bars!
A thing of smiles and blushes,
Quick thrills and throbbing heart,
A strange, mysterious glamour,
That bade the tear drops start.

One was a woman's love,
Woven of many strands,
Richer than braided gold,
Stronger than iron bands;
A love that holier grew
Through all the changeable years,
That clasped those hands with joy,
Yet wavered not for tears.
A love that loved through all things,
Through sorrow, pain and death—
Through all the bliss and all the bane
To which life answereth!
—Julius C. R. Dorr, in Smart Set.

FAIR VISITORS CAN SMOKE AND WALK ON THE GRASS.

Smoking on the World's Fair grounds is now permitted. The order to that effect was issued yesterday. The embargo against the "weed" in the great exhibit palaces is still enforced, however. The order against smoking was enforced heretofore because of the inflammable material scattered about. This has now been largely removed and the anti-smoking order is no longer necessary.

There will be no "keep off the grass" signs displayed. George E. Kessler, chief of the landscape department, says no barrier of any kind will be placed upon the lawns. "The Exposition built the Fair for the people," he said, "and the lawns, as well as the other parts of the Fair, are for their use."

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W. I. Protzman, Commander R. M. G. Brown, U. S. N., J. E. Watts, Baltzer, Rexford, Committee.

We acknowledge receipt of the above invitation.

POWHATAN.

How One Should Pronounce the Name of This Famous Indian.

The name of that old Indian king who ruled over most of eastern Virginia in the earliest colonial days is not called as much now as it was formerly. It survived in good old Powhatan county and in the Powhatan pipe and in six different postoffices in different states of the Union. In Kansas they have Powhattan, which, we suppose, is a misspelling, following a mispronunciation, of Powhatan. But many people of this generation have forgotten, if they ever knew, that King Powhatan's summer "capital" was about half a mile below Richmond, while his winter quarters were in Gloucester, and that he was alternately a good friend and a great enemy of Captain John Smith and that he was the father of Pocahontas, from whom descended many Virginians of distinction.

But so it was, and all that sort of thing makes us close connections of his. However, he was of a roving disposition and moved his town of tents—teepees—from place to place, and it is "back driver's history" only that he died at his sometime home near this city, known as Powhatan.

We do not fail to remember that Powhatan was the name of the James river before the colonists intruded their ships and skills upon it, but that is another story.

Once it was quite common for Virginia boy babies to be christened "Powhatan" and girls "Pocahontas," but not so now. We can well understand how the latter name ceased to be agreeable to ladies since the usual diminutive of it was "Pokie," but why the royal name of Powhatan should have fallen into disuse is not so obvious. However, a period came when provision had to be made for the perpetuation of the fame of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Lafayette, John Marshall, Patrick Henry and other "patriot fathers." Then Andrew Jackson and Winfield Scott had to have their day, and yet later Lee, Beauregard, Ashby and other Confederate names attained popularity. But fashions change in names as they do in clothes, and it may be that we shall have a new crop of "Powhatans." We are not so hopeful about the reestablishment of "Pocahontas" in public favor; the reason why we have already given. But Pocahontas' other Indian name was "Mateo," or "Matocua," and that is pretty and is not liable to any objection so far as we can see.

When she and John Rolfe had "made a match" she embraced Christianity and was baptized under the name of Rebecca. But, all that aside, we conclude by expressing our ardent hope that the new Powhatan babies may have their names correctly pronounced. We can tolerate no imitation of the sound of "Manhattan." Let it be good old fashioned Virginia Powhatan, with the "h" silent and the second accent on "tan."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Goats.

"Few people know the many admirable qualities of the goat," said a breeder. "Goats are the only animals that will boldly face a fire, and they are often kept in stables for the sole purpose of leading horses from the stalls in case of conflagration. Horses, you know, will burn to death before moving from the flames unless some other animal leads them out. Goats can foretell stormy weather and invariably find shelter before a storm arrives. Even in domesticated life the goat loves to clamber about on dizzy heights and will generally be found on a crag of rock or, if that is not available, on the roof of a barn or the top of a barrel. The most valuable variety of goat is the cashmere, whose soft, silky hair furnishes material for expensive fabrics. The cashmere is a native of Tibet, but the shawls are made in France, Germany and in later years in the United States. To make a single shawl a yard and a half square at least ten goats are robbed of their coats."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Seventeenth Century Father.

The advice given by a parent to his son at Oxford in the year 1686 against catching cold when attending the theater will not be without interest. "Child, I heard that the players are gon down to Oxford, but I am unwilling that you should go to see them act, for fear on your coming out of the hot play house into the cold air, you should catch harm, for as I did once coming out of the theatre at a publick Act when it was very full and steaming hot, and walkin a Broad in the cold, and gave me such a cold that it had likt to cost me my Life. Your best way in such a cold is to go home to your one chamber directly from the play house and drink a glass of Sack, therefor Be sure you send your servant At your hand for a bottle of the Best Canary and keep it in your chamber for that purpose. Harkon thou unto the voice and Advise of mee Thy father, Loving Thee Better then himselfe."—London Chronicle.

Immense Cost of Roman Feasts.

The amount of money often expended by the wealthy Romans on their sumptuous meals appears fabulous. Vitellius is said to have spent as much as 400 sesteria (about \$4,228 of English money) on his daily supper, and the celebrated feast to which he invited his brother cost no less than £10,350! It consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 of fowls, with other equally numerous meats. His daily food was of the most rare and exquisite nature—the deserts of Lybia, the shores of Spain, the waters of the Carpathian sea and even the coasts and forests of Britain were diligently searched for dainties to supply his table, and had he reigned long he would, observes Josephus, have exhausted the great opulence of the Roman empire.—London Standard.

People say the Daily West Virginian is all right.

THE ANGLER FISH.

It Secures Its Prey Like an Artist, With Regular Strategy.

There is a fish that secures its prey like an artist, with regular strategy, and, strange to relate, nature has furnished it with a full equipment for the purpose—rod, line and bait. The angler, as it is called, is by no means a beauty. It is about a yard long and has a huge, toadlike head, an enormous, gaping mouth and a formidable array of teeth. The first dorsal, or back fin, is almost wholly wanting, its place being occupied by two or three long, slender, movable spines which are fastened to the body by means of joints. One is attached by a hinge which permits of only backward and forward motion.

The first spine is connected by a regular ring and staple and admits of movement in all directions, as it is pulled this way or that by the muscles. This is the angler's pole, which continues into a fine filament or line, and at the end there is a loose, shining slip of membrane which plays the part of a bait.

The angler fish is a slow swimmer, and it would have but little success if it had to chase the swift, active fishes upon which it feeds, so it snares them. Partially hiding itself in the mud or sand, it waves its long filaments with their glittering tips. As is well known, fishes are attracted by glistening objects moved about in the water. The neighboring fishes, following the instincts of their inquisitive nature, come to examine the curious object, and suddenly they find themselves snapped up in the wide jaws of their hidden foe.

The angler is a very voracious creature, and on several occasions it has been known to seize a fish that had been hooked and was being drawn to the surface. In one such case the angler seized a codfish and would not loosen its grip until it was struck on the head with a boat hook. On another occasion the fish fell a victim to its own gluttony, for, having dashed at a conger eel that had just been hooked and having taken it into its mouth, the eel contrived to escape through one of the gill apertures, and thus it was the unconscious means of involving its captor in its own fate.

Even the cork floats on lines and nets have been swallowed by the greedy fish, and when taken in a net it devours its fellow prisoners with perfect unconcern.

Mechanical Reading.

Edith Wharton writes: "The mechanical reader, as he always reads consciously, knows exactly how much he reads and will tell you so with the pride of the careful housekeeper who has calculated to within half an ounce the daily consumption of food in her household. As the housekeeper is apt to go to market every day at a certain hour, so the mechanical reader has often a fixed time for laying in his intellectual stores, and not infrequently he reads for just so many hours a day. The statement in one of Hamerton's youthful diaries, 'I shall now commence a course of poetical reading, beginning with fifty hours of Chaucer, and, as I gave him one and one-half hours last night, it leaves me exactly forty-eight and one-half,' is a good example of this kind of reading."

Time Crazy Moscow.

Moscow seems to be a city where nobody knows with any degree of certainty what time it is. Arthur Symonds in his book on "Cities" says that no two clocks in Moscow agree. Even in the best hotels a clock will solemnly strike 3 a quarter of an hour before its neighbor strikes 7. The confusion is increased by the fashion of sticking up dummy clocks in the streets as advertisements. The maddening moment comes when you have to catch a train at Moscow. The railway time tables are worked on St. Petersburg time, which differs by half an hour from Moscow time. When you are told that the St. Petersburg express leaves at 9 o'clock you are in doubt as to whether it leaves at 8:30, 9 or 9:30 by your carefully adjusted watch.

"All Hands Black Faces."

One of the most curious orders given in the British royal navy is, "All hands black faces!" And in order that this may be adequately fulfilled each of our warships carries among its stores a supply of such pigment as is used for the same purpose on the stage. This order is only given during the maneuvers as a rule, for when a night surprise is intended it is not only the vessels that are made as little visible as possible, but the faces of the men must be blackened, for when powerful night glasses are used the showing of a white face is far more palpable than any landsman would suppose. — London Standard.

One or Two Monkeys.

The story of a telegram, which was transposed from "200 leviathans" to "200 live cats," reminds a correspondent of the London Globe of an incident said to have occurred some years ago. An Italian gentleman sent to a friend in Africa for "one or two monkeys," or, as it was written in the language of Rome, "1 o 2 monkeys." By next mail he received a note saying that eighty-five had been dispatched, and the remainder should follow by another boat.

Cheering Him Up.

A man was lying in bed very ill with pneumonia. To him entered a friend. "Ah," said the friend, "the doctor says you're going to die tonight. Don't you believe it. You won't die till tomorrow night. Got pneumonia, eh? Do you remember Smith?" "Yes." "He died of pneumonia yesterday. Do you remember Jones?" "Yes." "He died of pneumonia too. Well, I must go now, but I'll come and cheer you up again tomorrow."

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